A DOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

BY EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN,

Author of "Barbara's Brothers," "Roger's Revenge," "Little Lady Clare," etc.

"Conny had to give him his meals." p. 163.

CHAPTER V.

RONALD TO THE RESCUE.

WITHOUT a moment's hesitation, without a single pause to consider his own peril, Ronald sprang forward and dragged Mrs. Callender from the burning mass. The next instant he was crushing the inflammable muslin together, and had emptied upon it the contents of the water jug; but the oil running about on the floor would not thus be extinguished, and only by pressing it out with his hands and anything he could lay hold of did he at last succeed in extinguishing the flame—not indeed until he had himself been very seriously burned, although in the excitement of the moment he did not know it.

It all passed in the space of a few seconds—seconds in which, although he worked might and main, he had not uttered a single call. His rooms were not very near any others, and he did not think that he should be heard; but now when the danger was for the moment averted he was able to reach the bell-rope, and the peal that echoed through the house brought many persons flocking to the spot.

It was a strange scene upon which their lights fell. Ronald was kneeling on the floor supporting Mrs. Callender with one arm. She was just opening her eyes to a vague sense of her surroundings, though utterly unable to explain what had happened. On the floor lay a mass of muslin and a white sheet, singed and burnt, and stained with oil, whilst an overturned wicker figure and a lamp added to the general look of confusion. But it was Mrs. Callender's condition that raised the immediate alarm, and her husband taking her in his arms bore her to the sofa in the next room, whilst one dashed off for restoratives, another with a message for the doctor, and Claud and Clara stood by, pale and conscience-stricken, not yet understanding what had happened, but fearing that their practical joke had in some way been the cause of the casualty.

It was Conny who was the useful daughter in an emergency of this kind. She busied herself about her mother, when the elder sister stood helpless and stunned, and very soon the colour had stolen back into the wan face, and Mrs. Callender, looking up with a smile, said that she was better, and that nobody need make any more fuss over her.

But Mr. Callender's alarm was by no means at an end. He had been warned before that there was some weakness of his wife's heart, and that any sudden shock was likely to be injurious to her. She had not told the children, feeling it needless to alarm them; and by careful attendance to rule, she had never found herself the worse for exertion, so that she had almost ceased to think herself ailing, although she was careful to avoid unnecessary fatigue. But her husband had never ceased to feel a certain anxiety, and now his face was very much troubled and disturbed.

"My dear love," he said anxiously, "what ever has happened to upset you so? How came you here at all? Ronald, can you explain it? I am totally at a loss."

Ronald was standing in the shadow; but he came forward when addressed. He, too, was very pale, but he spoke with quiet self-possession.

"I know very little more than you do, sir. I was in this room and I heard a sound like a cry, followed by a fall; and when I reached the spot Mrs. Callender was lying on the ground, and there was something burning all round, which I had to put out before I could summon help. I can only suppose that something left accidentally in my room during my absence had tripped up Mrs. Callender, and that she had

fallen and set light to it; but I have no more real knowledge than yourself what can have happened."

"But I can tell you," said Mrs. Callender, sitting up and speaking with more energy, "and I am afraid that the blame lies with our own children, though no doubt it was only intended for a joke. When I opened Ronald's door—I had gone to see if everything was comfortable for him on the first night—the first thing I saw was a luminous, white figure—the most ghostly thing I ever saw in my life—just looking as if it were coming towards me to embrace me in its arms. I do not know that I was really frightened, but I was terribly startled, and before I could have gathered my senses, I suppose the faintness overpowered me and I fell forward. I have no doubt that in my fall I knocked over the figure, and that the lamp was inside and set it alight; but I really know nothing for certain, for after I had caught sight of the figure I can remember no more till I found myself here."

Mr. Callender's face was stern. He was not a man to find fault with a harmless joke at most times; but just now he was in no mood to be amused, and he felt an instinct that this joke had been planned in anything but a friendly spirit. Ronald was not like a young child who might have been seriously injured by such a scare; but he was a delicate youth, in uncertain health, whose nervous system had been overtaxed, and who had been sent to him especially with the view of regaining tone and strength in the quiet atmosphere of a country home. It was a recognised thing that he was susceptible on such points, and it was known that in childhood he had received one shock of the kind from which he had never entirely recovered. Now, be one's theory what it may on the subject of supernatural appearances, it is not a suitable subject for heartless jesting, nor is it one that can be trifled with in the mind of another. If a man or a woman has a belief in such things, it will not be overset by sham ghosts, though a severe shock to the nerves may be the result, and this Mr. Callender very well knew; and he considered that the attempt made to frighten Ronald had been both cruel and unjustifiable, and he would have been equally angry had it not been for the casualty which had made his wife the principal sufferer.

He turned sternly upon his sons and daughters, and looking round at them one after the other, asked—

"And pray which of you has been the perpetrator of this abominable trick? Charles, you are generally at the bottom of every piece of mischief that goes on in this house. What do you know about this?"

"Nothing, father," answered Charley, who was as much astonished as anybody at what had occurred; and there was no doubting his sincerity, for Charley was never known to have spoken an untruth in his life.

Mr. Callender looked round and saw the conscience-stricken faces of his elder son and daughter.

"Claud," he said, in some surprise, "do you mean that you are the guilty person?"

"It was only a joke," answered Claud, sullenly, though with an attempt at bravado; "I am very sorry indeed that mother was frightened, but no one could possibly foresee that she would go into the room first."

But Mr. Callender's brow was dark, and his face did not soften in the least as he heard this reply.

"No, I did not need for you to tell me that. I know that you would not consciously injure your mother; but you intended frightening and perhaps injuring another—one who, as a guest beneath our roof, has every right to expect and demand consideration and kindliness at our hands. I am very much displeased. I shall talk with you in private on this matter."

But Claud could ill brook such a reproof, and in presence of Ronald, too, and he broke out angrily—

"If a fellow is such a muff as to be frightened by a mock ghost, he deserves to——"

"Silence, Claud, I will have no more of your insolence," cried Mr. Callender, now thoroughly aroused; "I am exceedingly displeased with you, and it will be long before you will regain my confidence. But I cannot have your mother disturbed any longer. Go to your room. I will see you there again before long."

"I was to blame also, father," said Clara, making a step forward; "I helped Claud all through, and it was I who really thought of it. You must be angry with me, too."

But before Mr. Callender had time to reply, the door opened and the doctor stood amongst them. He had been caught by the messenger on the road, not very far from the house, and had come on immediately. A few words sufficed to explain to him the nature of the shock which Mrs. Callender had sustained; but she was recovering already, and quite disposed to make light of it now, and to regret the fuss that she had been the means of causing. The doctor, however, recommended perfect rest and quiet for at least twenty-four hours to come, and wrote a prescription which was to be made up the next day.

In crossing the room after having done this, his eye fell upon Ronald, who was still sitting, as he had been all the time, in the deep shadow, not speaking a word after he had given the required explanation of the fire so far as he knew it.

"Hallo," said Mr. Dart, "it seems to me that here is somebody who wants my assistance more than Mrs. Callender. Why, Kennedy, what is the matter with you?"

"My dear boy," exclaimed Mrs. Callender, with great anxiety, "why did you not tell us you were hurt?"

"Please do not be anxious on my account," said Ronald, though speaking as if with some difficulty; "indeed it is nothing, only a few little burns. Mr. Dart will tell me what to do for them."

Ronald's white cheek had flushed as he found himself the general centre of observation, and the doctor was sorry he had drawn attention to him.

"Mr. Callender," he said quietly, "will you please help your wife to her room? She ought to go to bed at once, and stay there till I have seen her again. As for this lad, I will attend to him, and," casting a quick look round the room, "perhaps Miss Conny will stay and help me, and get me what things I shall want. We all know that she is a first-rate hand in any kind of illness or emergency."

Conny came forward with perfect self-possession and readiness, and in a very few minutes had collected all the things Mr. Dart had asked for, and had returned with them to Ronald's sitting-room, which was now cleared of everyone but the doctor and Ronald. "The lad" looked dreadfully white, and his brow was contracted with pain. As Conny approached, she saw that his coat sleeve was off, and that his right arm and hand had been very badly burned, so badly as to be causing him severe pain.

"That is right, Miss Conny," said the doctor, who was an old friend of hers; "we will soon have him more comfortable now. You know something of burns from your parish experiences. You must help me to get this arm properly bound up."

And Conny did help, her gentle fingers being almost as clever in their own way as Mr. Dart's in theirs, and Ronald

never winced beneath the touch of her soft hands, and said "thank you" very gratefully when the last bandage was adjusted. He was very faint for some time, and lay on the sofa unable to speak or attempt to get to bed, which was the only place he was fit for; but Conny was so good a nurse that, under her ministrations, the attack passed gradually off, and Mr. Dart prepared to depart, satisfied that he left his patient in good hands.

"Get him to bed when he is a little better," he said to Charley; "and you had better sleep here yourself, and look in on him once or twice as the night goes on; but I think he will sleep after the draught I have given him. If you are uneasy, call your sister. She will know whether or not to send for me. Do not worry your mother about anything. I shall be here first thing in the morning, in any case."

And so it was that Conny became installed as Ronald's head nurse during the days that followed, when he was helpless and feverish and suffering, and Mrs. Callender, who would naturally have watched over him, was herself prostrated by an attack of nervous debility, resulting from the shock which had induced the fainting fit.

It seemed natural enough to everybody that Conny should go in and out of the sick room almost at will. From childhood she had shown an aptitude for nursing that had been quite a characteristic with her, and as her sister had never cared to watch over a sick person or invalid, these duties had naturally fallen to Conny's share, and were willingly accepted by her. Ronald was not confined to bed, but he was too weak to get beyond the sofa in his sitting-room, and so helpless that Conny had to give him his meals almost as if he were a baby, as well as attending to the dressings of his arm, and looking after his medicine and other details. Her parents looked upon her as little more than a child, and never guessed at the feelings which were stirring Ronald's heart during these long days of suffering, when Conny's presence seemed the only thing that drove away the pain and brought the sunshine into his darkened room. He felt no rebellion against the mischance that had befallen him, no impatience even of his helplessness and discomfort, for it brought Conny frequently to him. As he grew stronger, and more able to talk, she stayed longer with him, and would often read to him for an hour or more when he was fit to listen. These readings and the discussion which always followed were delightful to both, and they were never tired of them, although Conny's many other duties often interrupted them and took her away in the midst of their talk at a most interesting moment. But that only caused the discussion to be resumed upon the first opportunity, and Mr. Dart nodded his head and expressed himself very well pleased with the progress his patient was making. For, as he knew something of Ronald's previous state of health, he had been afraid the painful nature of the injury he had sustained would have had a very depressing effect both on mind and body; whereas, although very much weakened physically for the time being, Ronald was not in the least depressed. Indeed, his spirits were so uniformly good that he seemed rather to gain than to lose in tone by these days of inactivity and seclusion.

But one day, when Conny came to Ronald to read to him as usual, he detected at once that something was amiss. He almost thought that she had been crying, and though she tried to speak cheerfully, it was plain that her mind was preoccupied, and that by some very unwelcome thought. Ronald could not bear to see her in trouble without knowing the cause, and interrupting her before she had read many sentences, he said:

"Don't go on just yet, please; I cannot attend to-day. Please do not think me intrusive or inquisitive; but I see that something is the matter—and if you would only tell me what it is!"

Conny raised her eyes from the book gladly, for they were swimming in tears, and she could not see the words.

"I should like to, Ronald—I always want to tell you everything now—but I am not sure if I ought."

"Your mother is not worse?"

"Oh, no; mother is getting quite well. She is to come downstairs to-day, and she will come to see you then, and you will be less dull when you have her to talk to. It is nothing about that."

"Do tell me what it is about, then," said Ronald, pleadingly. "Indeed, if it is a secret it will be safe with me."

"Oh, I know—I'm not afraid of trusting you—only—only I don't know if Claud would like it talked about."

"It is about Claud, then?"

"Yes," answered Conny, sorrowfully; "I don't say he may not deserve to be punished, but I cannot help being very sorry."

Ronald paused and hesitated, and then said suddenly—

"I hope it is not anything to do with what he did that night? Do tell me that I have had no hand in it, whatever it is."

Conny looked rather perplexed how to answer.

"You could not have had anything to do with it, because you did not know; but it was very inconsiderate of Claud—father says it was very wicked, and might have led to very serious consequences. As it is, both you and mother have been ill; and it will be a long time before your hand will be well, and I don't wonder that father is angry about it."

"Then it is about that," said Ronald, quickly; "please tell me what he is going to do. Indeed, I think I have a right to know."

Conny thought she had said too much now not to say more.

"You know Claud's heart is set on going to Oxford, and it has always been rather doubtful if father could send him, because of the expense and one thing and another," said Conny, speaking quickly, the impulse towards confidence with Ronald carrying her farther as she went on than she first intended. "Well, we were all wondering if it could be managed and hoping for it, when there came the talk of taking you in, and that just seemed to turn the scale. You know what I mean?" she added, her face flushing, and Ronald smiled and nodded, while she went on rapidly and frankly. "Well, we were very pleased, and it was all arranged nicely; but since this has happened, father says that he does not feel justified in continuing the arrangement. He says you have been insulted in his house by his own family, and that he cannot in conscientiousness permit you to remain where you may become at any time the butt of a malevolent practical joke—that is what he calls it—entailing such serious consequences; and he says that he shall write at once to your guardian, asking him to make other arrangements for you; and that when this is done, there will no longer be any chance of Claud's going to college, and that the disappointment serves him perfectly right, because his own ill-temper and jealousy brought about the catastrophe. And now everything will be changed, you will go somewhere else, and Claud will not go to Oxford, and we shall all be miserable," and as she ended two tears escaped from beneath her long lashes and rolled down her cheeks.

Ronald lay very still, a strange look passing over his face.

"Conny," he said presently in a very low voice—he did sometimes call her Conny now, though not always—"will you tell me why you are so distressed? Is it altogether because of Claud's disappointment, or are you a little sorry at the thought of losing me?"

"I am most dreadfully sorry," answered Conny, the crystal drops standing in her eyes. "You seem just like one of us now, and it is horrid to think that you must go away, and all because of Claud's fault. I cannot bear to think of it."

A great light came into Ronald's eyes. Presently, to Conny's surprise, he rose and walked to the door.

"Do you want anything?" she asked, quickly. "Cannot I get it for you?"

"I want to see your father," he answered, quietly; "I think I will go to him in his study."

Conny said no more; a sudden vague hope began to fill her mind, but she was afraid to contemplate it, and resolutely turned her mind towards the duties that lay under her hand. She had a round of visits to make to different cottages, which kept her out of doors till the short twilight had fallen; and when she entered the house she found it warmly lighted, as if smiling a welcome.

But there was another kind of welcome awaiting her, and a very joyous one, for as she entered the hall Claud came quickly out of one of the lower rooms, his face brighter than she had seen it for weeks, all the gloom and discontent and ill-temper quite vanished. He took both her hands in his and held them tight in a warm, brotherly embrace.

"That brick of a fellow," he cried.

"Oh, Claud—who?"

"Why, Ronald, to be sure; don't you know what he has done? Why, he has been to father and talked him quite round; and everything has come right, and righter than right; for he is not only going to stay here this year, I mean till he comes of age, but next year too, all the time he is not at Oxford, until he has taken his degree and can settle in his own house. And he has talked father quite over about that stupid joke of mine, and he is not angry any longer. And I am to go to Oxford with Ronald in January, to the same college and everything. And it will be like having a brother there, for he is an awfully nice fellow really, though I would never believe it before. But we have had no end of a talk, and have made great friends. And I've told him all about being such an ass, and he was awfully jolly and said he had been a bit of an ass himself, and all that sort of thing. And I feel so jolly again, you can't think. And, Conny, I wanted to tell you and to thank you myself; for I'm certain, in some way or another, that you have been at the bottom of it all."

Conny's face was beaming with delight. She could have danced for joy, though all she said was:

"I am so very, very glad, dear Claud; and so glad that you and Ronald are friends. But I have not done anything about it, except that I told Ronald what was going to happen."

Then they went into the drawing-room, to find both the invalids there together, with the rest of the family round the cosy tea-table. Conny gave Ronald one look of gratitude, and her face suddenly flushed, she knew not why, and she was glad to bend it down to meet her mother's kiss, whilst her father gave her hand a private squeeze, and whispered as she passed his cup:

"God bless you, my darling, for a sweet little peacemaker."

And when Conny knelt beside her bed that night her heart was very full of love and gratitude to the Heavenly Father, who had thus answered her prayers when trouble had been at hand. Conny had never felt that anything was too small to pray over. Perhaps this was why the sunshine round her path was always so very bright. She asked help in all her difficulties, and never forgot to return her earnest thanks when these were removed.

(Continued on page 177.)

A MODEL ENGLISH TOWN.

BY E. WHITFIELD CROFTS, F.R.S.L.

SIR TITUS SALT died some fifteen years ago, lamented by a multitude of people, but the good that he did lives after him, and is likely to preserve his name for generations to come. Bearing in mind the substantial results of his commercial enterprise, the extent of his philanthropy, and the character of his religious works, it is not too much to assume that his name and the proud record of his deeds will remain imperishable, and will be handed down to the posterity of hundreds and of thousands whom he benefited directly and indirectly by assistance, counsel, and the example of a noble and unselfish life.

This grand country of ours is the mother of so many good and splendid men, and contains enduring monuments to such a host of lives devoted to the emancipation of their fellows from sin, poverty and error, that it is not improbable the name of Sir Titus Salt and the town which he founded may be unknown, or but vaguely remembered by some. Whether this be so or not a brief account of Saltaire, with which the name and life of the "good Baronet" are inseparably woven, will be of general interest.

Where is Saltaire, and who was Sir Titus Salt? Well, Saltaire is near Bradford, prettily situated on the river Aire, and Sir Titus Salt was a successful merchant, benevolent and high-minded, who amassed wealth in the manufacturing of wool, built a town for his workpeople, which was named after him, gave fresh impetus to trade in Bradford and the locality by his bold and intelligent enterprise, was twice Mayor of Bradford, sat in Parliament, and was subsequently distinguished, in recognition of his philanthropy and public services, with a baronetcy.

Not long since, being in the neighbourhood of Saltaire, I determined to run over and see the little place. Accordingly I took train and tram, and finally alighted at the verge of the town.

One is immediately struck by the neat and homely aspect of the houses, by the cleanliness of the streets, the tidy appearance of those one meets in them, and by the handsome and costly buildings which diversify the scene. The most conspicuous building is that of the immense mill (made still more conspicuous by its lofty chimney), which was the

nucleus of this happy little township, and gives employment to most of its inhabitants. One of the managers was good enough to conduct me over these gigantic works, but I can hope to convey to the reader but a very faint idea of their immensity, and it would be useless, however interesting, to attempt here a description of the various operations carried on in this great hive of industry.

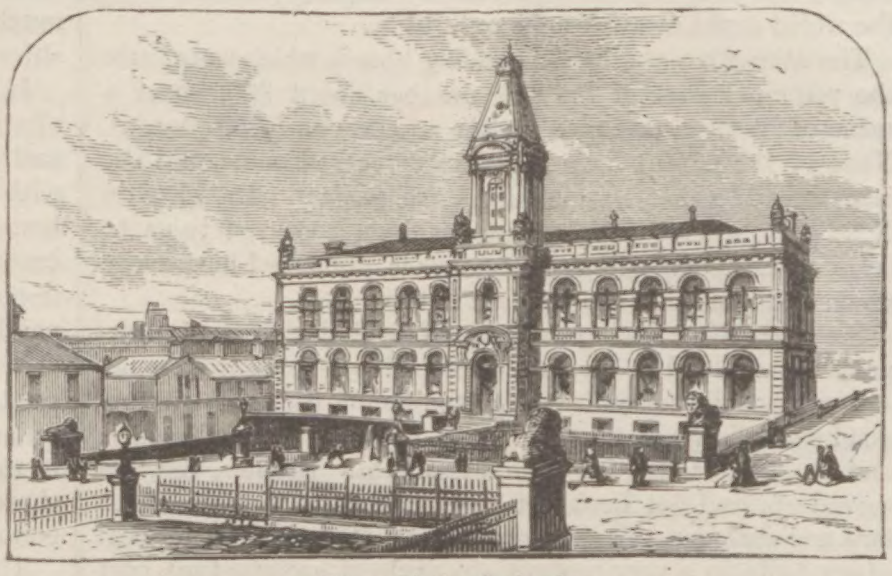
"What is the size of the works?" I asked my cicerone.

"The south front," he replied, "where we are now

Sir Titus Salt.

standing, is 550 feet long, and consists of six stories, with a total height of 72 feet. There are warehouses running northward from the centre of this, extending 330 feet, with seven floors. The canal passes along one side, and the railway on the other side. We have a shed adjoining in which we can stow 12,000 bales of wool. The buildings cover altogether about ten acres."

We looked in at one of the weaving sheds with its 1,200 looms. To our unaccustomed eyes it was a wonderful sight, and we could have lingered here for hours, watching the marvellous machinery and the hundreds of busy workpeople. How well and happy they appeared. With kind masters, good pay, reasonable hours, and an abundance of light and of fresh air, we felt that they must be as happy as they



The Club, Saltaire.

appeared. What a contrast their lot with that of the poor, half-starved, sweated East-ender!

There were yet more wonders to see. Beneath the buildings is a reservoir capable of holding 500,000 gallons of water, with a filter to cleanse it, for manufacturing purposes. The iron tank on the top of the warehouses will hold 70,000 gallons, and is for use in case of fire. The engines for driving the two miles of shafting which work the machinery are magnificent specimens, and represent together the strength of 400 horses. 3,500 workpeople are constantly employed here, so you may imagine the amount of work turned out from this big mill, and the sum of money required at the end of the week to pay so many people.

Sir Titus Salt erected his mill, set his machinery in motion, and put his thousands of workpeople in harness, and might have been then content to go on his travels and try to spend his fast accumulating wealth. But no; Sir Titus was not anxious, as are so many millionaires, to hoard up money, or to seek pleasure for himself merely, though without a doubt in striving to ameliorate the condition of his workpeople, and in furthering the causes of

The Almshouses, Saltaire.

charity and religion, he reaped more enduring pleasure than the world could ever have offered.

The attractive, well-built dwelling houses which constitute the principal part of Saltaire number about 900, cover a space of 26 acres, and give shelter to close on 5,000 persons. None of the houses have less than three bedrooms, and the sanitary and other arrangements are perfect. In Victoria Road there are capital shops, and things appeared to us to be remarkably cheap. A newspaper is published here every week, and a smart little paper it is too.

Sir Titus, after having well housed his little colony of work-people, proceeded to further develope his benevolent scheme. A capacious dining hall was erected facing the mill, where a good slice of bread and butter can be had for a halfpenny, and a mug of coffee for even a less sum. Dinners, too, are served up, and not Lockhart or Harris could provide better fare nor cheaper. The Congregational Church, with its peal of six bells, in a very pretentious style of architecture, cost £16,000, and would be an ornament to any town. Sir Titus also gave land to the Wesleyans, upon which to build a chapel. Then came the baths and wash-houses, in order to dispense with the washing of clothes at home. These cost another £7,000, and are fitted up with steam machinery and the latest improvements. The factory, schools, and girls' and boys' high schools, the almshouses, forty-five in number, with their chapel and infirmary, the institute, the schools of science and art, the museum, and the Sunday-school are all attractive, and even handsome buildings, and each is a perfect model of its kind. The Sunday-school, for instance, which cost £10,000, is admirably arranged. In the centre is an assembly hall capable of seating 800 children, with lecture hall behind, and twenty-two class rooms arranged in two stories, opening into, or communicating with the assembly hall. Probably no town of its size in the kingdom has its educational wants so fully supplied as Saltaire, and many towns with which we are acquainted of much larger growth, lack the privileges of this model Yorkshire town.

In addition to all that we have mentioned, there are allotment gardens, piggeries which are models of neatness and comfort for the porcine tribe, a pretty river stocked with trout, and with safe bathing for the boys, and a boat house well stocked with boats; furthermore, a cricket ground, croquet ground, and bowling greens, and last, but not of least importance, a charming little park of five acres, with a pavilion, alcoves, plenty of seats, and well-kept flower beds.

We have said enough, we think, to show that Saltaire is a veritable little workman's paradise. If only more rich men up and down the land would invest a moiety of their wealth in the same way as did Sir Titus Salt, what a happy future there would be in prospect for the working people of this country!

There is no public-house in Saltaire, but I found one situated in about as close contiguity to the forbidden spot as possible, viz., across the road which bounds one side of the estate.

A somewhat cadaverous specimen of the beer-shop keeper stood at the "Tun" door in his shirt sleeves, gazing sourly across the way at the pretty houses and the trim gardens.

I ventured to accost him, and said in my blandest manner, "Do the Saltaire people drink much?"

"Drink, I should think they did," he replied, looking fiercely at me as if to disarm any suspicion I might have had that he was joking. "Bless you, you may see 'em coming with their jugs and pots same as other folks; and they likes it too," he added, with a savage grin.

The very bitterness of the landlord's tone went farther to convince me of the strict sobriety of the people of Saltaire than would all the protestations of their best friends.

THE STORY OF MEDICAL WOMEN.

THERE cannot be many persons in England to-day to whom the idea of medical women is altogether new, but there are certainly thousands to whom it is yet a mere proposition, a thing sketched slightly out, but in no way elaborated, a daring notion which has still to be considered and discussed by fathers of families and matrons of high repute before it can be settled whether it shall be allowed to be!

There are a far greater number who have heard the names of one or two female physicians in large practice, which names they hear mostly with a shudder, and consider them isolated and terrible instances of what things are coming to in our times.

To all these people it would be a surprise to learn that the scheme for the study of medicine by women is no longer in embryo, but matured, and has for the last ten years been in active operation—that this year there are more than eighty ladies registered as British medical practitioners. About thirty of these are living in London, in some way exercising their profession, and the others are settled in the chief provincial towns and watering-places of the United Kingdom, in the colonies and China, and many in India, where a Government hospital for native women is entirely officered by them, and where there is a considerable medical mission for the same purpose.

There is, in fact, no new movement of the century which has been so successful as this which to countless persons has yet to begin to move at all. Yet the enormous opposition it encountered at its commencement might have sounded it in the ears of all the world.

No class of men is more conservative than doctors. None have more responsible work to do; none on the whole have so little certainty as to how it should be done, for the science of healing changes with each generation, and the more candid among its professors will confess that every dose of medicine is an experiment! Into this realm of mystery, where the lay mind intrudes not for fear of hard words and terrible sights, this kingdom so wearily gained by the expert, so shifting and unstable when gained, woman, the inferior in mind and body—on serious principle the inferior—proposed to enter. She would bring her garrulousness, her haste in conclusion, her hopeless disregard of etiquette, to a pursuit which before all things presented a serious and decorous front to the world, whatever its differences at heart, and, certainly not least, she intended de-

liberately to take unto herself at the present overcrowded moment the fees of all sick women and children—two-thirds of the community!

Is there any wonder that there arose among the Faculty a cry, intense with all their authority, that, 1st, No woman's brain could endure the arduous course necessary for medical qualification; 2nd, That if her brain could endure, her body would break down from the prolonged strain (this was certain); 3rd, That if by chance *one* should succeed in satisfying too chivalric examiners, she would be worthy of no confidence in a crisis, for women are by nature nervous and hysterical; 4th, That women doctors would be a horror—unsexed; and, 5th, That the very notion was ridiculous!

These arguments spread from a thousand centres at once, and it was generally concluded among that considerable majority who form the patient class that the female physician and surgeon question was settled, the only pity being that it should ever have been raised. But those who had begun it were in absolute earnest. It was not only that the women who wished to study medicine felt that they had a distinct vocation for it, which is the strongest possible argument. They had long been taught that a woman's mission is especially with the sick and at the bedside. They had long as nurses done all the hardest and least pleasant share of the work of tending the suffering. They wished now to take a further step, and, continuing their devotion to poor humanity, to lighten it by the pleasant possession of authority, and the interest of scientific knowledge. Women are only human. When we consider that they are liable to sin and fail even as men, it is wonderful that so many have spent their lives among the most distressing and physically revolting scenes of bodily degradation for no other reason than a love of their fellow creatures, and little other reward than the easing of another's pain!

There were enormous difficulties in the way of their taking up any other position. They were met by determined opposition. The story of their struggle would be long to tell fully.

It began with the taking of the Society of Apothecaries' License by Miss Elizabeth Garrett in 1865. The Society in dismay put forward some pretext which prevented any woman from following her example. Shortly after began that which is known to those interested as the "battle of Edinburgh," when for four years seven ladies fought the Edinburgh Faculty of Medicine, and bore with refusals, delays, and treachery on the part of the authorities, with insults and mockery from much of the press, with hard names and howls in the class-room, with peltings in the streets. Church and State for the most part inexactly disapproved of them, and the kindest of their enemies had only this to say of them, that a man may defy the world, but a woman must submit to it, and they had better yield.

Modern Athens, press and public, was split into two factions: those who upheld the women students, and those who did not; the energy and persistence was equal on both sides.

There is a story that one day a live sheep was introduced into a class-room where the persecuted seven were attending a lecture; the professor asked why. He was told that there was an understanding that the inferior animals were allowed there!

It is a fact that Miss Pechey gained the Hope Scholarship in Chemistry, and its award was refused to her because of her sex.

As a crowning injury the University of Edinburgh, having permitted the ladies to matriculate, and having taken their fees for several courses of instruction, denied their right to graduate, and declined to examine them further. They had then been studying for two years, with the full consent of the Medical Faculty, Senatus, University Court, General Council and Chancellor, asked and given in 1869. No complaint whatever had been made of them, and they had done remarkably good work.

They took the advice of the Lord Advocate and others, and brought an action against the Senate. This was shortly after decided in their favour; but the Lord Ordinary, Gifford, declared that the Senate alone could not take measures for or against them. There was an appeal to the Inner House, and seven judges to five ruled that the University had done wrong in admitting women at all. They retired defeated; Professor Blackie telling them that, at any rate, they could say they had fought with wild beasts at Ephesus!

Many urged them now to give up all idea of British diplomas, for in France, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland the universities were open to all, and they could qualify abroad and practise at home. To this the chief objection was that a foreign license cannot be registered in Great Britain. There was also the mortification of failure, to say nothing of the fact that our own country would seem poorer than others in liberality and freedom. Hundreds of persons were roused to the highest pitch of indignation by the treatment sustained by the "Septem contra Edinam." Friends insisted upon paying the costs of the lawsuits, and the matter was some time after brought into Parliament, where, in 1876, a Bill was passed enabling any educational body to admit women to its curriculum. In 1877 the Irish College of Physicians resolved to do so, and the victory was won.

The next thing necessary was to organise a medical school for women, where they could attend classes. This was done in Henrietta Street—now Handel Street, Bloomsbury, and after some trouble the school was connected with the Royal Free Hospital, where there were no male students. One by one other colleges than the Irish King's and Queen's announced their willingness to examine female candidates; the University of London (whose degrees rank extremely high), the Edinburgh and Glasgow Colleges of Physicians, and last year the Society of Apothecaries. Had a corporation either "a body to be kicked or a soul to be saved," how this last would tingle in its ears and feel small in the inmost recesses of its soul, thinking of its twenty-four years' technical triumph.

The question is often asked whether medical women are really needed. To this the best answer is found in the dimensions of their clientèle. In any town of sufficient size to be free of paralysing gossip, and to boast a certain generosity of thought, a lady practitioner is gladly consulted by more than could easily be counted, and to her own sex the comfort and advantage of her attendance are quite beyond words.

Another frequent question may be answered here. Are medical women really as good as medical men?

They pass exactly the same examinations, therefore they can hardly be inferior, and so far we think, on the whole, they are better. For this reason: Medicine is to thousands of men a means of livelihood only, adopted without any special fitness. A certain sum must be spent in placing a boy in the world, as well in this way as in any other. With girls this cannot be the case—certainly not so often. They would be deterred, not only by the considerable expenses of the course, but also by still existing social prejudice and by the exceeding disagreeables of the study from attempting it, unless instinct and temper drew them invincibly to it. Women, then, who are now qualified and qualifying, are, as

it were, a selected class, particularly earnest and enthusiastic; their moral tone is, for the most part, jealously high, and their care for their patients even over-scrupulous. For all of which there are causes. Their ardour is that of a new order, and they feel deeply that they have still mountains of opposition to live down, so that they can afford to make no mistake socially or professionally. In the future, however, there will be found among them, no doubt, the unrighteous leaven that exists in every establishment, for, as we said before, women are but human.

In the Euston Road, London, nearly opposite St. Pancras Church, there is a red-brick building, new and attractive to the eye. "New Hospital for Women" may be read in large letters on the front. The Princess of Wales laid its foundation-stone two years ago, and it has been raised at a cost of £14,000. It gives accommodation to forty in-patients, and it is attended by hundreds of out-patients. From roof to cellar it shows all that modern knowledge approves in the way of health and convenience. It is officered entirely by women—house-surgeons and staff are all medical women.

Esculapia victrix!

THE WATERFALL.

Lo! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,
Built on the steadfast cliffs, the waterfall
Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver light:
They sink, they rise, and sparkling cover all
With infinite refulgence; while its song,
Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along—

Rolls through the woods; they send its accents back,
Whose last vibration in the desert dies:
Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,
Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies
Beneath the forest-shade; then sweetly flows
A milky stream, all silent as it goes.

Its foam is scattered on the margent bound,
Skirting the darksome wood. But, list! the hum
Of industry, the rattling hammer's sound,
Files whizzing, creaking sluices, echoed come
On the fast-travelling breeze! Oh, no! no noise
Is heard around, but thy majestic voice!

The wild stag hears thy falling waters' sound,
And tremblingly flies forward—o'er her back
She bends her stately horns—the noiseless ground
Her hurried feet impress not—and her track
Is lost amid the tumult of the breeze,
And the leaves falling from the rustling trees.

BOWRING.

MOTHERS AT HOME.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH.

V.—OUR LIFE—HOW TO BEAR IT.

I WONDER whether any of you will object to that title? Somebody did the other day when I showed him the outline of my subject; but you see I did not alter it, for I believe, honestly, that nine-tenths at least of the human race find that, on the whole, it is a question of *bearing* life rather than enjoying it. Illness, discomfort and unhappiness do so often spoil our lives that we are many a time a-weary, a-weary. So I kept to my title, hoping that perhaps some words of mine may help the weary ones to *bear* their life, and then, who knows but they may end by enjoying it? Not with the boisterous enjoyment of the child who has not known sorrow, but with the chastened happiness of the Christian who sees at last "good in everything."

First of all, what is life? It is the union of the soul with the body.

What is the object of life?

The worldly man will answer, Enjoyment; but the Christian will answer, The object of life is, that whilst the soul inhabits the body both should prepare for the beautiful hereafter, which awaits all who love God.

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to *live* that each to-morrow
Finds us further than to-day."

Ah! that is what the hard-worked, worried and wearied ones want to remember, that the end and aim of life is to prepare us for death; and yet that barely conveys my meaning. Death is but the narrow gateway through which we all must pass before we reach our Father's House. The object of life then is that we may be able to say—

"I am nearer Home to-day
Than I ever was before."

Let us try to remember this more often, and we shall be less likely to grumble because we do not "find all to our mind."

Our life is a mingled one; sunshine and cloud, roses and thorns, flower-garden and desert, and very often the people whom we envy as enjoying all the good things, are really most harassed by the thorns of life.

Of course, in a paper like this it is impossible to say all that crowds into one's mind on the subject; I can only tell you a few of my thoughts, and leave you to enlarge upon them yourselves.

There are, I think you will agree, four great points in the lives of every one of us. Two of them should be a source of prayer, two should fill our hearts with praise.

Most of us know the *bitterness* of life; its daily worries and disappointments, harder to bear patiently than big trials. Did you ever hear the story of the soldier who submitted to have his leg cut off without a groan, and shouted when the surgeon pricked him with a pin? He said he had made up his mind to bear the leg, but he didn't bargain for the pin!

Many of us can bear great mental or bodily pain without a murmur, and yet lose our temper over little worries, which

"No noise is heard around but Thy majestic voice.

are mere pin-pricks by comparison. Most of the bitterness of life is made up of such pins. Then there are the sorrows and trials which come occasionally only, thank God, in most lots. There is nothing that will help us to bear the bitterness of life but prayer.

Next, then, comes the *battle* of life. The daily task, often most uncongenial to our taste; the daily temptation which has to be fought with, lest it master us; nothing but prayer will help us to fight the battle of life, for

> "Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
> Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright."

Did it ever strike you that we are all more ready to pray than we are to praise? I fancy it is so in most cases, and so we lose a great deal of the brightness which should belong to *cheerful* Christians. By all means let us acknowledge the need of prayer in the bitterness and battle of life; but do not let us forget that there is also a need for praise when we realise the *blessedness* and *beauty* of life.

Supposing we had never been born. We should have missed a lot of worry you think, perhaps when you are down-hearted; but all the worry in the world, all the pains and trials you have borne, and have yet to bear, where will they all be when you are dying? Gone, gone behind you; and before you, if you love Jesus, and have been true to Him, before you will lie a cloudless, happy, beautiful life which you could never have reached if you had not been born into this world. The dullest life has some beauty in it, the saddest life has some blessedness; and I know of no better way to get over a fit of the blues than to sit down, and to think over one's life, forcing oneself to own, "Yes, that was a blessing certainly," or "How different it would be if that beauty were taken out of my life!"

The merry laughter and happy faces of your children, do they not beautify your home? The firm love of husband or friend, are not they an untold blessing? Be thankful for them then; "Praise the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Human nature is a strange thing. Don't believe anyone who tells you it is all bad; God hates what is bad, and He *so* loved poor fallen man that He gave up His only Son for him. It is an unhealthy, morbid idea that human nature is utterly bad, but it is quite certain that there is a great deal of perversity in it; and this perversity is one of the very things which prevents us making the best of life.

How seldom do we come across a person who is quite contented with the niche he has to fill? Those who are obliged to lead a life of loneliness, for instance, do most often seem to long for society, while those whose lot has fallen in crowded places, think that they would be happier, and serve God better if they could but be alone. Of course there are exceptions, especially among the poor, who are far less given to discontent, as a body, than their richer brethren.

Make the best of your life. You may be sure that the chief Builder knew what He was about when He gave you that particular spot to fill; and, what is more comforting still, no other stone would have done so well.

"Take short views of life," as one has wisely said. Why should you fluster, and worry yourself as to how you are to cross that bridge? It may be you will never get as far, your call may come before you reach it. If you have to cross it, you will find that prayer will help you more than worry ever could.

Don't cry over spilt milk. You are safe to spill some more, and not be able perhaps to save the jug into the bargain.

Finally, take life rightly. Life is the school for Eternity. A school is not as comfortable as home, it is not intended that it should be so. School is the place for work; by-and-by comes the long rest at home. Life is a gift from God, and we should use it carefully, doing our best to make ourselves and others happy; so shall we, in spite of all its bitterness and battle, be led to see that after all the beauty and the blessedness are greater far than we deserve.

> "Have you no words? Ah, think again;
> Words flow apace when you complain,
> And fill your fellow creature's ear
> With the sad tale of all your care.
> Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
> To Heaven a supplication sent,
> Your cheerful song would oftener be,
> 'Hear what the Lord hath done for me.'"

"HIS WOODEN LEG."

BY THE REV. P. B. POWER, M.A.

Author of "The Oiled Feather," etc.

SAMUEL SKEWER had two legs, but I have now to do with only one of them, and that a wooden one. Not even with that should I have had to do, but that, as I have said, it was not made of flesh and blood and bone, but of wood; and Sam's opinions about it, teaching us more good lessons, are my inducement for writing about it at all.

Strange to say, in the little hamlet of Dornley a wooden leg had never been seen. Some of its inhabitants had heard of such a thing, but they had never seen one. There was, therefore, as you may well imagine, some little commotion amongst these worthy people when they heard that the empty cottage and garden at the end of their little street were about to be rented by a man with a wooden leg. Folk were not sure whether there were not something uncanny about such a limb, and they were not quite sure what reception they ought to give it. They would be willing enough to welcome the one in flesh and blood, but the difficulty was that where that one went the other always went too, and they manifestly couldn't ask him to leave the wooden one behind and hop on the one of flesh and blood whenever he came into their houses, if, indeed, he should prove to be sociable, and wish to be neighbourly at all.

Under these circumstances, the subject being a dry one, a meeting was held on the subject at the public-house. Beer doesn't clear brains, so it is not to be wondered at that no very bright ideas were forthcoming there. In fact, every idea was simply wrong.

"He can't work," said one. "How can he? Don't it take two arms and two legs for a man to work? Wasn't that the reason that men were sent into the world with their limbs in pairs? Moreover, their eyes and their ears were in pairs, and they had only one mouth because it was

a hard thing to fill; and as to the nose being in the singular number, why, there was a reason, no doubt, for that too, though they didn't know it. Folk couldn't know everything; perhaps 'twas to make it easier for them when they had a cold."

"He has good cause to growl," said another; "and as sure as my name is Ben Thrupps you'll find he does growl. When it isn't all square with a man he has a right to growl, and 'tis the best thing he can do."

"Somehow or other," said the parish clerk, "he'll come on the rates. He may have his own parish, but I'll be bound he'll come down on this. Depend upon it, folk with wooden legs don't do as other people do. Now, if he were thrown into the horse-pond, would he kick out like other folk, or would he sink to the bottom and his good leg stick in the mud and the wooden one float on the top? Depend upon it, if his legs don't do as other people's legs do, he won't walk off on that wooden leg to his own parish, wherever it may be, but will stick here. A wooden leg is a stick, and to stick is to stop, and to stop is to stay here, and that will be to come on the rates, and that will be more than a quart a-piece less to us all round."

And as no one thought of disputing with the parish clerk, all this boded ill for a kindly reception for the man with the wooden leg.

The women also had their ideas—some contemptuous, some speculative, and one or two kindly.

"He's only a part of a man," said one; "he can't dance;" but she was rather a flighty servant-girl who was on a visit to her grandmother, so I shall not take much notice of her. All I shall say is, that if Polly herself had not been able to dance, she might have fared much better in life than she did. She got a dancing lover, who turned out to be a dancing husband, and, alas! he danced away from Polly, and never was heard of more. It would have been better for poor Poll if either he or she had had a wooden leg.

"Well, if he can't dance, he can't kick his wife, anyhow," said a young woman, who, I am sorry to say, had not the best of husbands, and who did not receive the kindest of treatment. "I'd give ten shillings if my husband had a wooden leg. I'd like to see him coming down on the small of his back the next time he made a kick at me."

One thrifty woman started the idea that he would be an economical man to have, for he would want only one shoe instead of two, and shoe leather was dear. Less blacking, too, would be required. A thought also crossed her mind, though she didn't make it public—for it was rather mean—that on an emergency it would be handy for kindling. He would only have to stick his leg in between the bars, and immediately they would have a blaze.

The old woman who did all the doctoring of the hamlet speculated in her own line. If he got a cold, would he put the wooden leg in hot water as well as the one of flesh and blood? When he got the rheumatism, did it affect both legs; or when there was a breaking out, did it come out on the wooden one as well as the other, and would her ointment do it any good? Moreover, did it get corns or bunions? It would be a serious thing if she were called upon to treat it in any way, and should not be equal to the occasion.

Then there were the children; I must not forget them. They were all excitement when they heard of the intended coming of the man with the wooden leg.

It was a source of immense amusement that he would have no toes, or, if he had, that they would be wooden toes. They had already planned to tread on them and make him squeak, or see if he would; it was also arranged that they should see how he looked when he was tripped up. Had he children, and had they wooden legs too?

"He can't steal upon us and catch us," said one stripling, who had recently been stolen upon by the schoolmaster on tip-toe and caught idling outside the schoolroom door, and been birched accordingly.

"And he can't run after you," said another, "even if he does catch you at anything; and you can make a face at him, and move on a little bit and make another."

And it was voted unanimously amongst the youth of Dornley that it would be well if every man destined for a schoolmaster were sent into the world with a wooden leg.

It is well for us that we don't always trouble as much about ourselves as the world troubles about us. And thus it was with our friend Samuel Skewer. While all Dornley, such as it was, was troubled about him, he was not troubling himself in the least. He was quietly preparing to take possession of his new abode, with his little granddaughter Jenny. He was telling her that he hoped they were going to be as happy as the days were long; and they were both looking forward to making the best of everything, and to doing no end of work.

For in Mr. Skewer's ideas there was very little happiness without work; and he did not consider that having a wooden leg was by any means a good reason for not going about. On the contrary, he rather triumphed in the idea that, though it was "only a bit of a stick," he could make it do its part in life; and that it was a worthy helpmate of its namesake—the "leg"—in flesh and blood.

"And you shall have your Sunday best," said Mr. Skewer, when he spoke to his wooden leg, "to arrive in;" for Mr. Skewer treated his leg to a cloth covering on that day, putting it for twelve hours and for church time on an equality with its relative of flesh and blood; "and, Jenny, you shall come in your best, and so the Dornley people shall know that they have decent folk coming amongst them."

Well, in due course Mr. Skewer arrived and took possession of his cottage and little orchard, the piggery, and all that belonged to the small homestead. For some short time people kept aloof from him, but as he was apparently a very harmless and decent kind of man, and inclined to be neighbourly, they soon made his acquaintance.

It would be impossible for me, with the brief space at my disposal, to give you a full account of how Mr. Skewer was interviewed by one and another, and how his granddaughter was questioned by this one and that, to reveal the various mysteries of that leg—what her grandfather did under such and such circumstances as they arose—some very improbable and, indeed, almost impossible ones being suggested from time to time; but I can tell you of one or two of the interviews, and what came out of them. And I am glad to do so, because what Mr. Skewer said may be of some little use to ourselves.

Old Thrupps, who never could see that he had to be thankful for anything, and who loved to have some one to growl to, came to him before long, feeling sure that he would find in him one of a congenial mind. Next to growling himself to Mr. Skewer would be the pleasure of hearing Mr. Skewer growl to him. To have growling of some kind going on was the great point.

But poor Mr. Thrupps couldn't get the new-comer to run on his rails at all. "In my opinion, neighbour," said he, "I don't think you have anything to be thankful for, no more have I. There you are, with that one leg, hobbling

through life. If I was you, I'd growl and let it out, for I'm sure you must be a-growlin' inside."

"Neighbour," answered the one-legged man, "this is only the bottom end of me. I have a top end, too. I'm all right about the head, and if I'm a trifle out of the common in the understanding at one end of me, I'm all right in the understanding at the other end. And, indeed, even in the matter of legs I'm very thankful."

"Wot for?" growled Mr. Thrupps.

"That I have not *two* wooden legs—that one of them is flesh and blood. It would be a trifle awkward to have the two made of wood. I'm as thankful for having one all right as many a man is for having both. And then I'm thankful for the wooden one—that 'tis so useful."

"Why, you couldn't jump or hop with it."

"No; and that doesn't matter, for I don't want either to jump or hop. I wonder how long it is, neighbour, since *you* jumped or hopped?

"Then, they get on well together," continued Mr. Skewer, with a twinkle in his eye. "They don't kick each other, and they're always obliging and accommodating to each other. If I have to go over a stile, the flesh and blood one goes first; and if I have to cross a puddle, the wooden one goes first; and as to kicking one another, they never think of any such thing. I am thankful, neighbour, that I can do what I can—that I can move about at all—that this wooden leg, which you make so little of, never gets rheumatism, nor sciatica, and 'tis wonderfully free from corns. I'm better off on one leg than many are on two, and I like to know my mercies. I never thought much of the mercy of having legs at all until I lost one of them; and now I try to have a thankful spirit, and a very pleasant one it is, I can tell you."

"Well," said old Thrupps' wife, when she came to pay her respects, "so you've been telling my old man you're thankful with only that one leg of yours."

"Oh yes, with more than that one leg—with two: one of flesh and blood, and one of wood—but two."

"And I suppose you're contented as well?"

"Aye; one isn't often thankful if one isn't contented."

"Well, I don't growl, anyhow, out loud like Thrupps; but, you see, I ain't altogether contented—comfortable-like in myself. Now, how do you make yourself contented-like with that wooden leg?"

"I say to myself," answered Mr. Skewer, "Samuel Skewer, what you can't have you can't have, in like manner as what you can have you can have; therefore enjoy what you can have, and don't fret yourself about what you can't have. Many folk go too far afield to find their happiness. Now, I seek mine at home with my little Jenny here, and my wooden leg is quite enough to carry me about here and there to the hens, and the pigs, and the garden, and the orchard."

"But you can't go far, Mr. Skewer?"

"But I don't want to go far, Mrs. Thrupps; and I'll tell you one good thing about this wooden leg—it never gets tired, Mrs. Thrupps."

"Well, after that," said Mrs. T., as she put up her two hands, "I'll go; I'll send Thrupps to you now and again to put him right."

"And you'll come yourself with him," said Mr. Skewer; "I'll be glad to see you both, and," said he to himself, "I hope I shall do you both good, for you seem to want it, the one as much as the other."

"You see," said the man with the wooden leg to another neighbour who called in and asked him how he was getting on, "I'm getting on all right. 'Tis very kind of you to wish I could get about more, but, you see, I'm about all day, and I don't want to be about more than that. I'm a man for making the best of circumstances. You can make a very humble bit tasty if you only pepper and salt it up a bit; and I'm for peppering and salting my humble bits in life, and making the best of them. Why, I might be said to pepper and salt this here leg almost every day of my life," said Mr. Skewer, as he gave the leg a slap with his hand, every bit as friendly a slap as if it had been made of flesh and blood.

"Here's my little homestead; why, my wooden leg will carry me all about it. That orchard is within a couple of dozen yards, and so is the garden. I can teach that child without having to walk two steps; and I have a good knee for her to sit upon, and she never frets because she can't sit upon the wooden leg. If you can't bring your circumstances to your mind, you bring your mind to your circumstances, and then you'll find you're all right."

Our friend Mr. Samuel Skewer acted in all things upon these good principles. He was not one of those who railed against God, but of those who are thankful to Him. He believed that the One who sent His Son to die for him, in all things meant him well.

And so he went on peacefully and industriously, going round about doing a bit of good here and there, as far as his wooden leg would carry him, and reaching farther with his one leg in doing good than his neighbours reached with both their legs of flesh and blood.

And when they saw how his garden was the most productive, because the best attended to in the hamlet; and how his apple trees bore the best, because they were kept clear by him of moss and blight, and were pruned and dug round and cared for in every way; and when they found that there was no more cheerful man to have a chat with, and no one more willing to help every one within the limits which his wooden leg allowed, one and all agreed that, instead of being a burden, Mr. Samuel Skewer was an acquisition to their parts.

Some learned how much good may come by attending to things about their own homes, and they took to doing so, even without having wooden legs; and some learned that their lot had many good things in it, even if it had some drawbacks. And others learned to make the best of things as they were, instead of just wishing them to be otherwise, which they never could be, and losing their time and strength and spirit in wishing, and nothing else. And one and all agreed—even from Mr. and Mrs. Thrupps downward, or upward, whichever you like—that it was a good day for Dornley that Mr. Samuel Skewer came there with his wooden leg.

WHERE IS MY BOY?

A Word to Mothers.

In many a mother's heart, again and again, throughout the day and the long watches of the night, that question sounds, "Where is my boy?" The world with its deafening din hears it not, but in the sacred silence of the mother's heart it is often painfully audible, and its sounding may sometimes explain that far-away vacant stare, which settles on her countenance and seems to cloud her life.

Where is my boy? That bright, rosy little cheek that lay so close to mine, and those chubby little hands and arms, which only half met around mamma's neck, and the sweet lisping lips that tried so often and so much to say "I'se love 'oo, mamma." Where, yes, where?

Or, where is that little cherub, whose golden curls made a perpetual sunshine in the house, who clung to mother's skirts so closely, and was never happy unless "tied to mother's apron string"? Where is the merry laugh, and hour to lay itself in mamma's lap, while little hands were clasped and the little voice lisped the children's prayer—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

the patter of the little feet upon the floor, which even with all their noise made the sweetest music of the home?

Where is that little head that used in the quiet twilight

Where, yes, where?

Or, where is that little lad who grew so quickly from his petticoats, and looked so lovely in his short, wee breeches: that little lad who would sit all day, and seek no other

enjoyment than hammering nails in wood, or cutting sticks, or building castles to pull them down again?

Or the schoolboy, that bonny boy, bright, winning, happy, fresh young soul, so merry in his boyish ways? Where is he, who used to look up for mother's smile, as he took his leave for school with his "I'm away, mother"? Yes, where?

Where are they all? Were such beings only visionary? Have they passed away for ever? So real they seemed, and yet to-day they only live in memory, or in some fast-fading photograph. Where are they all?

Was there a day in which the blinds were drawn, and the shutters closed, and we laid our hand gently on the door of the chamber of death, for the little one we loved had gone from there up to the glory-land?

Is that where *your* boy is? Happy mother, who to that question of the heart can say, knowing the sweet assurance of her answer, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded He is able to keep *that* which I have committed unto Him." Happy mother; that little head shall nestle on thy breast again, those little hands shall clasp thee round the neck, and "God shall wipe away all tears."

But where is *my* boy? Not every mother has bade her little ones farewell, in the firm faith of finding them in all their childish innocence, "Around the throne of God in Heaven." Where is *my* boy? There is sadness most severe in the sound of that question to many a heart, for the answer, the *only* answer which they can give is, "*Only* God knows."

The little lad, so loving in all his childish ways, has long since grown into a forward youth. His childish beauty has been left behind with his childhood's days; and since he began to think himself a man, the prayers he said at his mother's knee have been displaced by the coarse jesting and profanity of worldly and worthless companions. His "mother's apron strings" have long since been too short a limit for his big desires and boundless passions, and her advice is killed by the sneer of his swaggering chums. His love of home has long since left him, and honour to his parents died with his prayers. His passion has outstripped his piety. His sense of right has been lost in the continual indulgence of wrong. His conscience has been drugged, and the narrow "way of life," along which his infant feet were guided by a loving parent's hand, has been lost sight of in the allurements of the broad road "that leadeth to destruction." Truly, he has fallen from the high estate and purity of his early years,

> "Father, mother, sister and all,
> God and himself, he has lost by that fall."

Where is *my* boy? I would rather that question were not asked you, mother, for I know its answer will bring tears of bitter sorrow to your eyes. There are grey threads amongst your hair, deep furrows on your brow, and sore sorrow in your heart, because your answer is, "*Only* God knows."

But even from that thought I would speak you comfort. Your boy is not yet beyond your reach, if God knows where he is. He may have got beyond your knowing where he spends his hours, what company he keeps, what life he leads, but not beyond the knowledge of Almighty God. "Hope thou in God." Plead earnestly in prayer and *sometime* your eyes will look into your child's again, and you will say, "My boy!"

Where is my boy? Mother, can you answer to that question, "Here beside me"? If so, guard jealously your charge and put your heart into your prayer that God may give you grace to do your duty to the lad. Thank God, if your boy has been spared to you in all the beauty of a fresh and uncorrupted boyhood. Cherish his companionship and make him feel his journey heavenward through this world is in his mother's company. Get to know *where* your boy is on the subject of "salvation." Yours is largely the responsibility if your boy goes forth to face the innumerable temptations of youth unarmed to fight against them. It is at your peril you neglect to tell him of the God he *must* serve, and the sin he *must* shun, if he would truly be a man.

Where your boy is regarding worldly position, probably you are able to define exactly. Can you as clearly define where he stands regarding his other-worldly position? If you cannot, ask him and get this knowledge, for where he is socially will ever depend upon where he is spiritually, and where he is in Time will settle where he shall be in Eternity.

You would like to have your boy beside you "on the glittering strand while the years of Eternity roll." Are you making *sure* he *will* be with you, or are you leaving his eternal welfare to the improbability of a supposition? Mother, ask your boy if he has given his heart to Jesus Christ. If not, pray and plead with him to take this step *now*. Thus you will spare yourself an everlasting regret; you will save your boy from innumerable sins which he must meet and be conquered by, if he does not conquer; you will fulfil a mother's duty; you will honour God; and wherever your boy may wander, amongst whatever people he may dwell, your peace of mind will be assured, knowing you have sent him forth encased in armour impenetrable. In life and death he shall be "with the Lord."

Where is my boy? "Here," do you say, "and the best boy the world ever saw"? That's rather a "big" statement, but we know it is a genuine mother's heart that makes it, and we know why. You have learned to love your boy, and your boy loves you. His mother's word is still grander wisdom to him than all the worthless verbosity of worldlings, and through experience he has come to know something of the blessedness that comes from obeying God's command: "Honour thy father and thy mother." Is that your boy? If so, thank God with all your heart. If the world with all its fascination has failed to affect the noble principles of your boy, and increasing years have only brought increase of manliness, wisdom, and love, thank God. Pray *with* your boy that he may ever so increase, until that question, no more asked on earth, but asked by God in heaven, sounds in your ears, "Where is MY boy?" With grateful heart to the good God who has helped you to keep your boy, go forward, yield up your charge, and make answer—

"Behold I and the children which Thou hast given me."

B. McCALL-BARBOUR.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

BY L. E. TIDDEMAN.

EVERYBODY said that Ruth Prim would be an old maid; they began to say so before she turned sixteen, and they did not leave off until she was six-and-twenty, then they had to change their tune, because she married. This sort of thing is not to be accounted for. Tidy, precise Ruth, who looked as if she had just stepped out of a band-box, went to church with Terence Maguire, the good-natured, shock-headed Irishman, and thought herself the luckiest woman in the world. They loved each other dearly, these two; but they were as unlike as folks could well be, and so very soon the matrimonial yoke weighed heavily.

Ruth was the very spirit of order, neat as ninepence, clean as a new pin—"an old maid spoilt," her neighbours said. Terence was a jolly, happy-go-lucky fellow, who never put things in their right place, and did not know where to find them if anyone else did so for him. At first there were black looks from the wife, and laughing excuses from the husband; later on, black looks on both sides; last of all, good-humoured Terence turned sulky. Then came the climax.

Terence returned late one evening, a good two hours later than he need have been if he had not called in at the "Pig and Whistle;" but then he could smoke his pipe in peace there, while in his own home he could not, for Ruth was over particular, and made his life a burden to him. It is one thing to keep a room spick and span, and quite another to have to be always on your p's and q's; at least, so Terence thought.

"You don't take any pleasure in your home," said Ruth, reproachfully.

"It ain't a home," growled Terence; "it's just the place I have to live in;" and they fell to quarrelling then and there.

It was a bitter quarrel, and no mistake. Ruth being the woman was readiest with her tongue; but Terence lay awake long after she slept, and the love within him turned to spite and hatred. But his anger was short-lived. When the morning dawned, and a few brief hours of slumber had refreshed him, he was himself again, and longing to make it up with her.

Ruth, in view of a day's washing, had collected all the dirty clothes she could lay hands on, some that were scarcely soiled into the bargain, and was boiling them in the kitchen copper.

Terence shuffled up behind her a bit shamefacedly, and ducked his head for a kiss. His hair was tousled, and his face rather grimy.

"Get along!" cried Ruth, sharply; "with your rough, red hair, and your dirty face, I wonder you come a-nigh me."

So he flung away, leaving a bad word behind him, and Mrs. Maguire went on with her work.

It was five o'clock when he came back; the kettle was singing on the fire, and through the open window he could see the clean clothes hung on a line to dry, and flapping merrily in the breeze. Ruth was nowhere to be seen.

"She ought to be here," growled Terence. "A nice sort of wife she is, and a nice sort of a home for a man to come to."

There was an ugly look on his face, and he slunk into the yard, and stood there for awhile with his hands in his pockets. Then, all of a sudden, he took out his knife, and cut sheer through the clothes-line, laughing savagely as the spotless linen fell upon the muddy path, and trampling it fiercely under foot. It was a mean enough revenge, but his passion was so great that he did not pause to consider.

He stood in a gloomy fashion, hidden from view by a convenient water-butt, and staring idly in at the window of the best parlour. Not that he expected to see anyone, for the room was only used on high days and holidays.

What was his surprise to see the table spread for tea, a fair white cloth upon it, the best china set out, and, to crown all, a big bunch of flowers stuck in the blue and yellow bowl that was given them for a wedding present.

Presently Ruth entered, wearing her Sunday gown, and carrying a tray laden with good things. She set them down, looked in the glass to settle the cherry-coloured ribbon at her throat, then, laughing and blushing as she caught sight of her husband, called to him softly. He came at once, with downcast head and shuffling gait; but gave her no greeting. She advanced, laid her hands upon his shoulders, and looked into his troubled face.

"We had forgotten that it was our wedding-day, Terence," she said, gently. "I am afraid I was very unkind this morning, and—and I have got a lovely tea ready for you, dear."

"But I aint tidy, lass," stammered he.

"Maybe I've been a bit too particular about that," she answered, smiling. "Sit you down just as you are, anyway."

He did so, and they ate and drank together, but the man had scant appetite. When the meal was over, he took his wife by the hand, led her into the yard, and pointed to the heap of clothes that lay at his feet, soiled and trampled.

"I did it myself, Ruth," he said, "out of a mean spite, because I thought you set more store by your tidy ways than you did by your husband. I was a bit sick of being nagged at, God forgive me!"

She stood quite white and still, then, stooping, gathered up the linen, with tears in her eyes. Terence helped her. He thought she was too angry to speak, but she was not.

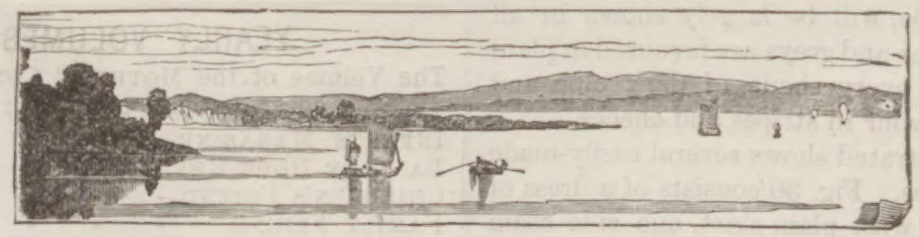
"We'll put 'em all in the tub, and wash 'em white again, lad," she said, simply; "it won't take so very long, after all."

"And you don't hate me, Ruth?"

For answer she twined her arms about his neck, and gave him the kiss she had refused in the morning.

"I reckon we are quits," she whispered. "You are powerful untidy, and I'm a bit too much the other way. We must make allowances for each other."

They did from that day forth, and the result was an undoubted success.



DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

In many respects fashions are similar to those of last month, but little change or variety being introduced. Bodices form the chief attraction, the skirts being all more or less plain. The front draperies, if indeed we may call them draperies, are for the most part plain, more in the form of an overskirt than a drapery. Some are slightly draped about the hips, and are generally more becoming to slender wearers. It is among the possibilities that trained house-skirts will soon be generally adopted, to the exclusion of the shorter style, and though not perhaps as comfortable as those of walking length, they are more graceful and becoming alike to tall and short figures.

Bodices are made to open in the front, displaying a vest of a contrasting material, and the trimming often consists of galoon braid.

Basques are still gaining favour, and those who pronounced them lacking in style, and ugly, are now universally agreed as to their becomingness and desirability as a finish to an in-door or out-door dress. Stripes and figured materials take a very prominent position this season, the former being

Fig. 30. Fig. 31. Fig. 32. Fig. 33.

often made on the cross; persons of short stature, however, should wear them straight. Corduroy and camel-hair are deservedly popular, and drap d'été, which has a twill very like that of cashmere, but woven more closely and firmly so that its weight is seasonable, will be largely shown in all fashionable colours. Browns and greys are favoured in plain and figured fabrics, whilst every shade of dark blue and ruby will be held in high favour in stripes and checks.

The group of figures illustrated shows several easily-made costumes in prevailing styles. Fig. 30 consists of a dress of figured Strathpeffer cheviot with plain skirt, one side seam being left unstitched to show a kilted V of plain material, which is sewn to the foundation. Six yards double width, figured, and one yard of plain material are used for this dress. The double-breasted jacket of black pilot cloth is ornamented with pockets and cords, and the collar and turnout flaps are of fur. One and a half yards of cloth will be required to make this jacket. The hat is formed of a round piece of buckram covered plainly at front and sides, and drawn up full at the back with material to correspond with the V on the skirt. A narrow edging of fur and pom-pons at the back completes this seasonable costume.

Fig. 31 shows in-door dress in Princess style. The back is plain to about six inches below the waist, where it is cut full and gathered, the front width being cut six inches longer than the lining and plaited on the hips to form the draped appearance. The collar and V shaped yokes are tucked, the latter being trimmed with fancy braid, which is carried down to the left hip. The sleeves, cut full and gathered in the prevailing style, are trimmed at the wrists with braid to correspond with the yoke. The dress is simply buttoned down the back.

Fig. 32 shows dress and jacket of spotted camel-hair trimmed with astrakhan. The skirt is plain, and has a box-plaited back, and the front and side widths are trimmed with astrakhan to a depth of four inches. The double-breasted jacket fastens with large bone buttons, the swing sleeves, collar and pockets being trimmed with astrakhan. The hat is of black straw, trimmed with narrow velvet, with small feathers at the back.

Fig. 33 shows an in-door dress of ruby corduroy, trimmed with braiding, which forms a Zouave, cuffs and skirt trimming. The back corresponds with our description of Fig. 31. The front is plain, and fastened with buttons to about four inches below the waist, where a braided girdle ties into a bow and hangs to the bottom of the skirt. Six yards of double-width material and eight yards of sateen for lining are necessary for either of these Princess designs.

Flat patterns can be supplied of either, 6½d. each; patterns of jackets to 30 and 33, 6½d. each extra. Address, "M. C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, E.C.

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